A SONG OF THE ROAD.

Rain and sun, rain and sun,
  Cloud and wind in the sky;
White roads that westward run,
  Banks where a man may lie,
Sleep and dream that his tramping's done
And the long, long idleness begun.

Crickets chirp by the fire;
  Grasshoppers wild are we.
The white road's our desire
  Where foot and tongue wag free,
And kisses grow upon every briar,
  And dreams are hanging from every tree.

Cloud and wind, cloud and wind,
  These be our friends, instead;
Every bush keeps kind
  Shade for a vagrant head.
Sweet, let the dull world lag behind,
  The beckoning road runs on ahead.
—(Black and White.

TWO WOMEN, A BOY AND SOME HORSES.

BY MARIA LOUISA POOL.

IX.

PROVINCETOWN AND THE GONZAGAS.

The next morning, when we wakened in Wellfleet, while we were thinking we ought to rise and yet could not quite resolve to do it, I asked Amabel if she thought it was in any way remarkable that Mr. Thomas J. Riddle seemed to pervade our journey to Provincetown.

She was evidently very sleepy, for I could but just understand her reply, which was to the effect that of course any one who was going to the Cape by any other conveyance than the steam cars, that is, by land, would naturally be "met up with" often by others who were travelling in the same direction. "No," quite to the point now, "I don't think it remarkable."

I was silent a moment. Then I wondered aloud if Miss Leily Langthorne and her friend Sue were coming down any further than Middleborough; and if they were, did Thomas J. Riddle know it? I was aware that this was turning the drift of the conversation very decidedly.

Amabel laughed. She asked if it wouldn't be funny if Miss Langthorne's spine should require the air of Provincetown.

Then the last bell for breakfast rang and the subject was dropped. After a short time Amabel hurriedly made an entry in her Day Book. Overcome by curiosity, I allowed myself an inquiry.

"Have you mentioned the recurrence of Mr. Riddle?"

She paused and looked up at me, the top of her pencil held to her lips.

"I was just putting down that you seemed peculiarly interested in a young man by the name of Riddle who was apparently indigenous along through the Cape region."

"I?" was all I could gasp in response—"I interested?"

Just then a hurry of feet sounded in the hall and a rattling knock came on our door.

"I say, Am, your breakfast won't be worth a cent—fish cold—Johnny cakes ditto. Do come down. Never mind crimping!"

This last advice Albert shouted.

Amabel, who was dressed, stepped quickly outside. I don't know what she said, but when she returned she remarked that if there was any age in which a boy was particularly attractive, it was from fourteen to sixteen; still she did not think that Albert ought to have left his studies at this time.

When we descended the stairs we found that Mr. Riddle had not breakfasted, and by a coincidence—that's what he called it—he was just ready for his morning meal. So we all partook of this meal together. I was so hungry that at first I did not attempt to keep run of the talk, but when I did come to a realizing sense of it, I heard Mr. Riddle saying that he knew the roads were not good, but he had decided not to go on by rail, for Albert had thought they two could manage somehow to pedal down to Provincetown, and if they couldn't, why they could always walk. There was Thoreau now, he must have had no end of a good time tramping down this peninsula. Didn't Miss Waldo think so?

I turned my head and glanced so emphatically at Amabel that she floundered in her reply, and must have given the impression that she had never heard of Thoreau; and isn't his Cape Cod the one book that is for sale alongside the clamshells with sea scenes painted on them, and the photographs of this or that curve of shore with a wreck half hidden by the sand? For, alas, there will always be plenty of wrecks on this coast.

Before noon we were plodding along the main road in Truro township, the one main road that runs like an artery through this narrow strip of land, but it is so lonely that one fails to feel any leaping of blood.

Why does one so love this sandy desert of a place? What is that undying charm that draws and holds one?

This is the town that was settled in 1700, and they called it Dangerfield, "as it has perhaps the most fatal coast in New-England."

We went out of our way, through the heavy sand, that we might see that beach where the British frigate Somerset was thrown in 1778. The people hereabouts were alive to the advantage of having an enemy's ship wrecked under their very noses in time of war. And it was not so long since the Declaration of Independence, when these red coats were washed ashore. The people turned out and rescued 480 of these soldiers, and at the same time that they rescued them they made them prisoners.

"It must have been a thundering jolly good time," cried Albert, leaning on his wheel. "There ain't any such times now. What's the use of wearing a dirk if you can't ever use it? And your bowie-knife, Am"——he looked at his sister with a grin.

"I don't suppose," said Amabel, "that if you saved a man from drowning you'd use your dirk on him."

"If he were a pirate," responded the boy meditatively.

But no one made any response. We were all gazing off seaward, and I, for one, could see dimly the coast of Spain rising up in the blue distance. I could even make out some of the turrets of my castle there, faintly purple, but sun-tipped on the battlements—always sun-tipped on the battlements.

The wind had come out east again; but there was no cloud; everything was boldly and clearly projected. The waves raced in, then sucked back slowly, every arm of spray they flung up as they came and went seeming to fling at us a stronger whiff of salt.

Our horses stood up very straight, taking in the air hoarsely. The Thane pawed an impatient foot in the sand. Just now he had the appearance of a horse that could go very fast indeed, if his rider would only allow him to do so.

It took us a long time to get to Provincetown; not only was the sand deep, but we stopped often to gaze at the ocean; one cannot very well cease from gazing at the ocean. I had a feeling that I had never been so near the sea before; we were encompassed by it, we had gone to sea without having embarked in any ship. We would not have been surprised if this bit of land had detached itself and floated off, perhaps to that vague Atlantic which would be a fit landing place for a craft such as this would be.

I must say for Mr. Riddle that he behaved himself very well at this time. He did not talk much, and he did not instruct us at all. I am always so grateful to those who don't try to instruct. I can sit down in my own room with a book of facts at any time. Albert gathers a large number of items concerning the towns we pass through, and he is likely to fire off one—an item—at any moment; sometimes he hits us, and sometimes he does not; in either case, his satisfaction is much the same.

At last we entered Provincetown, on the one road by which it is possible to enter, the highway that shares the neck of land with the railroad. People say they smell fish all the time in Provincetown, but we didn't—there was nothing but the one grand odor of the ocean, and it was enough.

Off the street that runs along by the wharves, in a sort of alley, there is an inn kept by a Portuguese, who has chosen to take the name of Jones—perhaps in his ignorance when he first came here, he thought that Jones was an unusual and high-sounding name; it may have appealed to his sense of the romantic, as some names will—at any rate he is Jones now; but he looks foreign and handsome, even though he has grown stout and gray and well-to-do. Have I not said that we have been advised to go to the Pacific House?

Our cavalcade of two horses and two bicycles drew up in rather good form in front of the house. There were the usual smokers on the piazza; the usual slim young man, with a novel and a cigarette, sprawling in a hammock; one elderly lady and one girl, each in a rocker, also with novels.

Everybody sat up straight. The young man in the hammock struggled and succeeded in flinging his feet on to the floor. And all stared at us, at Amabel, I ought to say. It was a trying moment. I cast a furtive glance at my friend and was relieved to find that her face was impassive.

Mr. Riddle flashed a look at me; this look was so brief that I was not quite sure about it, when I came to think it over later. Then he sprang forward with a great air of deference to assist Amabel to alight.

There was a perfect hush on the piazza. In the midst of it a rotund man with a grizzled mustache and very bright black eyes came forward. He had on a white linen coat and apron; he was the landlord.

We were grouped together at the entrance now.

"You all vish rooms, or just one suppaire?" he asked.

"We are going to stay a while at Provincetown—look about us, you know," responded Mr. Riddle, promptly, and as if he were a drummer who had a box of samples in the background. "I hope you can give these ladies a good room. As for myself and the young man here," indicating Albert with a wave of the hand, "we can put up with what you have; but do the best you can by us. And what time is supper?"

Meantime, Amabel and I had stepped within, to a room which had a piano in it, and a banjo and guitar, and a general air of sitting-room, rather than public parlor, which it really was.

The landlord, now he was nearer to us, had an odor of frying and broiling fish about him. He gazed at us with shrewd eyes, for his eyes, though black and foreign, were as shrewd as a Yankee's.

"Um—m—m," he said, "jest lemme think."

He was apparently running over the rooms in his mind. We let him think, and presently he stepped into the little hall and shouted:

"Delcina! 'Cina! Coom here dis minute!"

Wouldn't you have expected a chambermaid or something of that sort to appear in obedience to this summons?

A girl came into sight at the end of the hall; she evidently had just left the dining-room. She was dressed just as any well-bred girl in a New-England town is dressed of an afternoon in summer—in some kind of light stuff, fitting exquisitely. But she had on a long white apron, and a snowy towel was flung over her shoulder. She was slender and graceful, and she was remarkably pretty, with a delicate, refined comeliness.

She did not seem to see us; she stood and waited, looking at Mr. Jones. I was conscious that Mr. Riddle was gazing at her, though he seemed not to be aware of any object but the young man sitting in the hammock.

"'Cina," said Mr. Jones, "you give dese ladies de room over here," with a movement of the hand. "I'll take de gentlemen up myself to Nos. 6 and 7."

Delcina now turned toward us.

"I'll show you," she said, and began to go up the stairs. We followed her. The stairs and the hall were blue with tobacco smoke, which proceeded from a room oposite the parlor, where some dimly seen men sat and played cards and smoked. It was like looking into the mouth of a crater to look in there, only in craters one does not usually see vague, manly forms holding playing cards; these forms may be there, but they are not visible.

Delcina opened a door, and we passed on into a room with two beds in it, an odor of tobacco smoke, and a still stronger odor of the ocean.

"You can see the harbor from this window," said Delcina, drawing up a curtain.

She smiled in an entirely impersonal but very friendly way. She said she would send up water and towels; then she left us.

"Oh," cried Amabel fervently, "I just love that girl!"

"She is rather charming," I responded.

"Charming?" repeated Amabel, "she is an angel—she never showed that she saw I was in divided skirts and trouserettes. That's what I call being an angel—and a lady. If some one doesn't horsewhip that creature in the hammock I—I"——

Amabel paused, owing to the weakness of words.

"Why," I said, "what did he do?"

"Do? Do?"—my friend was pulling off her gloves and rolling them up in a ball; she flung the ball on the bed furtherst from her; she hurriedly put her hands up to her head, smoothing her hair, but giving a quick, effective ruffle to the fluffy locks about her forehead.

"What did he do? He glared. And he openly suppressed a snicker. Openly suppressed it. Now I ask you to look at me," she walked across the room. "Consider me. In these days of bicycles am I not perfectly respectable—eminently respectable? Don't prevaricate."

"Eminently," I answered firmly.

"Then what did that—that gorilla mean by suppressing that snicker?"

"But, Amabel, pray give him credit for the effort."

"What effort?" fiercely.

"Why, at suppression."

"You needn't uphold him. I'm surprised that you should uphold a thing with an upper lip like that, and no chin to speak of. Yes, I am surprised."

Amabel was still walking about the room.

"But I'm not upholding him. I wish you'd be reasonable, even if you are a reformer. I say give him credit for wishing not to snicker."

"I shan't. He wished to snicker." I sat down by the window and looked at the harbor, which was very blue and calm and bright. At this moment I was not calm and bright, but I was blue.

"I wanted to cut him with my bowie-knife."

Having spoken thus, Amabel was silent. In about a quarter of a minute an arm was placed across my shoulders and a cheek pressed against mine.

"I know I'm a regular little cat," whispered Amabel in the most gentle way, quite as if she were about to purr.

"Speaking of cats," I responded, "reminds me of Sister Sarah Ramsey, that married a Portuguese. You have promised to visit her. Perhaps they all marry Portuguese down here."

"I had forgotten Sarah Ramsey. We will go to-morrow. I should have remembered her by to-morrow. I shall have time to put down a few words in my daybook before supper."

And Amabel drew her book from the satchel and sat down with her pencil in her hand. But she did not write. She glanced from the window, then leaned her arms upon the ledge. The bit of harbor visible, and the narrow curve of land opposite that helped to protect this haven, were framed in by the old warehouses at the head of the wharves. The water was very near, but we could only see that bit; as if a marine picture by some superhuman artist were hung in front of this window—and the air—the permeating saltness and vigor of the air—I am in danger of saying too much of the air. It would seem as if this must be a healthier place even than Wellfleet. How could people die here? The very secret of eternal youth and strength must be somewhere in this bit of a sandy desert which Massachusetts has thrust out like a doubled fist into the Atlantic Ocean. Is that extended fist a challenge to all the coast to produce a spot that shall so appeal to one's fancy, so linger in one's memory? And yet the whole place is only sand, level or in little hills, and water. Where, then, lies its fascination? Why can't you forget it?

But these reflections came later, when the power of this spot, which is island and yet not island, had become still greater.

Now I looked over Amabel's head through the window, and was conscious of the vivid brightness of everything. All at once a few yards of the sails of a big ship entering the harbor became visible—like the tip of the white wing of a seabird. The sail grew larger, then was hidden by the warehouses. A hoarse tooting from some little steamer sounded as near as if the steamer were just gliding onto the piazza.

"It isn't of any use trying to put anything down in my book," said Amabel at last. "Isn't it too lovely? I will just write that we arrived safely at Provincetown late in the afternoon, that riding a crosstree is the only reasonable way for man or woman to ride, and that there were a few people, and one gorilla, on the piazza when we rode up—that the chambermaid, no, the waiter girl, is a little love. I won't say a word about the scenery."

The next day we spent in the strictest seclusion among the bayberry and goldenrod shrubs of the wastes at the back of the town. We did not definitely intend to do this, but we went out immediately after breakfast and rambled desultorily, finding ourselves on Town Hill, where the signal for a storm was flying from the flagstaff there.

Amabel said that she would not explore the streets until our trunk had arrived. We were going to indulge in one trunk, which Amabel's father was to send on such a date. It ought to be at the steamer wharf now, but Albert averred that it was not there. It was coming from Boston by water. Mr. Riddle suggested that it might have been shipped in a sloop, in which case even a spiritual medium could not predict when it would arrive. Meantime we were living in our riding habits; Amabel had relinquished her new raiment and was extremely "ladylike" in her old riding skirt. We still had the sports-bag. In time my friend thought we might turn the bag into a hop-sacking suit. Not that there are no drygoods on the peninsula, but that main street, where the water is on one side and the dry land on the other, was as yet unexplored by us. We hurried out of the hotel, went along the lane and up a few steps at the end into a sandy place, which was a road; a few rods along this road and we could climb Town Hill or escape to the desert. The fresh-water standpipe is off in this direction, rising from billows of sand, and in the great stretch about it there is one small house. This house is in the midst of shrubs, mostly beach plum; and a great many hens are clucking and scratching in the sand, some of them leading forth little yellow fluff balls that go through the operation of scratching with bits of feet that twinkle as they scratch. There isn't a tree in this great surface, and the sun shines down and the sand by the standpipe glares, and the air above it wavers with heat.

We wear colored glasses and we carry umbrellas. We sit down in the sand and hold up our umbrellas; finally we loll back, and, hearing the beat of the breakers on the coast that from here we cannot see, we almost go to sleep; almost, not quite, for I vaguely saw a figure coming among the plum bushes toward where we lay. The figure tottered about, but that was my vision. I roused myself and blinked my eyes to make sure that I was not asleep.

Yes, it was a figure coming, stopping sometimes to pick something, and finally revealing that it was a child, a girl of about seven. She was barefooted, she had on a man's broad-brimmed straw hat, which came down to her eyebrows and was continually pushed back that it might not fall over her eyes also. Her calico frock was rent by the bushes and hung in long slits.

She was right upon us before she saw us. She jumped back and cried out:

"Oh, my timbers!" then stood still at gaze.

This exclamation was delightful to me. It seemed exquisitely appropriate; I could only wish that she had said "shiver my timbers," but perhaps that was too much to expect.

Amabel sat upright. Then she held out her hand.

The child advanced, not shyly, but guardedly. She had clasped her hands behind her, and her slim bit of a figure, in its waving rags, was in the full sunlight. She was not pretty, but she had very beautiful dark eyes. We were yet to learn how many foreign, olive-tinted faces and "midnight eyes" we were to see on Provincetown streets—faces as strange beneath a New-England sky as can be imagined.

"Do come a little nearer," pleaded Amabel.

The child moved her feet for about the space of a quarter of a yard, and then stood again.

"What's your name?"

"Sarah Ramsey Gonzaga."

This appearance seemed almost like a visible reproach to us.

"You don't like cats, do you?" inquired Amabel, making a statement and then asking a question, after the manner of Yankees.

"Huh?" said the child.

"Do you like cats?"

"They scratch," was the reply.

"So they do, terribly," with emphasis. "Where do you live?"

Sarah turned and pointed one small, grimy finger at the one house; but she did not speak.

"Is your mother lame?"

"Huh?"

"Is your mother lame?"

"Naw."

Amabel turned to me and remarked, "It can't be the one."

"She ain't lame," continued the child—"she can't walk a single inch—not a single inch."

This statement was made with an unmistakable air of pride. It was plain that Sarah Ramsey Gonzaga felt the distinction of having a mother who couldn't walk a single inch.

"It is the same, then," said Amabel, aside. "Can your father walk?"

Sarah smiled, and revealed two gaps in the teeth of the upper jaw. She nodded.

"Par c'n walk like a good one—so c'n I."

She looked down reflectively at her bare legs and feet. Then she repeated, "but mar can't. Doctors say she can't never. Doctors say she's officying."

Still more triumph in voice and manner.

"She's what?"

"Officying. But it don't hurt—it's real easy."

"Easy to officy?"

"Yeh."

"Then tell us how to do it."

Sarah looked puzzled a moment, but she said: "You jes' set, 'n' set, in a big chair, 'n' have your victuals brought to ye; 'n' your legs all wropped up; 'n' drink tea 'thout no sugar in it; 'n' tell folks they oughter be thankful they c'n walk."

"Oh, that's the way to officy, is it?"

"Yeh."

Sarah now looked exhaustively at our feet. It was as if she were counting the buttons on our shoes.

Then, without the least warning, she sprung this remark upon us:

"I'm goin' to have a kitten."

"Are you?"

"Yeh. Some women's comin' down from Aunt Ma'ly's; they're comin' to bring it. All yeller 'n' white 'n' gray, with double claws on her front feet."

We shuddered. The child continued:

"I ain't never had no kitten. I've had chickens, but they grow to be hens 'n' pick at you. I killed one chicken once 'cause I didn't want it to git grown up. I arst mar if 'twould be sure to grow up, if 't lived, 'n' she said 'twould; 'n' so I killed it. I shan't kill no more. I don't like to. I felt horrid. D'you ever feel horrid?"

"Yes."

"'Cause you'd killed a chicken?"

"No. I'm feeling horrid now; but it's about a kitten."

It was Amabel who conversed with Sarah, who in her interest had come still nearer to us. Amabel extended her hand and Sarah put her own hand within the open palm.

"How d'you kill it?" inquired Sarah. "D'you chop its head off?" Her eyes were distended.

"Oh, no—no. I lost it. It was in a bag. We were bringing it to Provincetown, to Aunt Ma'ly's sister, Sarah Ramsey, that married a Portuguese."

The child stared still harder. She drew in a long breath.

"My par's a Portugee," she said at last. After a moment her lips began to quiver. She put up her disengaged hand to her eye.

"Was it my kitten?" she asked indistinctly.

"It was," solemnly. "Oh, I do feel horrid!"

Amabel drew the child down upon her lap. Sarah was sobbing undisguisedly now.

"'Twas all yeller, 'n' white, 'n' gray," she said indistinctly. "Aunt Ma'ly wrote to mar 'bout it."

She sobbed still harder.

(To be continued.)

DARBY AND JOAN.

HUSBAND—WILL YOU BE BACK TO SUPPER?
WIFE—NO, DEAR, I SHALL BE AT THE CECIL OR SAVOY. YOU MAY HAVE MY HALF.—(Sketch.

TO FLOAT A SUNKEN SHIP.

GASBAGS INSIDE INFLATED BY PULLING A LEVER.

From Black and White.

With the horrors of the Victoria, the Drummond Castle and the Warren Hastings—though, fortunately, in the last there was scarcely any loss of life—fresh in mind, the average man must wonder how it happens that in this age of invention no scheme has been devised for rendering ships unsinkable. Not for the first time have French inventors come to the rescue, and of late the attention of shipbuilders and others connected with the Navy and the Mercantile Marine has been attracted to an efficacious but simple plan of this sort. Anxious to secure a lucid and non-technical account of the invention, a "Black and White" representative called on M. L. Levasseur, the London representative of the inventor.

"We do not claim," he said, as he rolled up his sleeves preparatory to experimenting on the model floating in a huge tank in his office, "to make shipwreck pleasant; neither is it our aim to prevent collisions or the many dangers of those who go down to the sea in ships, but we do claim to make unsinkable any ship, large or small."

Observing an incredulous aspect on the face of his visitor, he walked across to the tank and filled the model hulk with sandbags and bricks till her water-line was submerged. Then he pointed out that she had in her side two gaping holes supposed to be the result of collision amidships, which, for the moment, were covered with collision mats to keep her afloat. These he proceeded to remove, and the little vessel began to sink rapidly. Presently there was a hissing sound—as of a soda-water bottle being opened—a bursting of something under the deck, and the gallant little ship was floating proudly on the surface, with the collision holes still unstopped. Another turn of the gas lever, a bubbling of gas on the water, and the boat lay on her side at the bottom of the tank. Yet another pull of the lever, and in a couple of seconds the submerged model, quivering from stem to stern, rose like a cork. Comment was needless.

"That boat," said M. Levasseur, "some five feet in length, was, as you have seen, rendered unsinkable; but for the purpose of experiment she was twice allowed to touch the bottom, and on each occasion was raised to the surface. That was accomplished by the use of a liqueur glass full of carbonic acid gas. I claim that in a relatively short space of time and with a proportionate consumption of gas—or ordinary air if you like—we can keep any ship afloat, no matter how badly she may be smashed below the water line. Had we our apparatus to hand we could have raised the Orotava in Tilbury Dock in a few hours, and had our airbags been on the Drummond Castle she would not be lying at this moment in her rocky bed at Ushant."

"But explain the invention to me."

"It consists of a number of independent collapsible reservoirs—airtight and waterproof—which when not in use hang under the deck of a ship, or, indeed, in any space not required for use, as the ceilings of cabins and engine-rooms. As you see, they fold up like concertinas, and when not needed lie quite flat against the ceilings or under the decks. It matters not where they are placed. On deck, or again wherever most convenient, are placed a number of small cylinders filled with liquid carbonic acid, which, by means of pipes, are connected with the various balloons or airbags, each of which is independent, and in case of one being damaged the others are not injured."

"These cylinders, I take it, are charged at the beginning of a voyage?"

"Precisely, and at the moment of danger the mere pulling of a lever by the officer on the bridge causes the gas to rush into any of the airbags at will."

"And the cost of this appliance?"

"Oh, roughly speaking, I should say big ocean liners like the Paris or the Lucania could be fitted with 'L'Insubmersible'—for that is the name of the patent—for £1,000. The invention is based upon the well-known principle of the fish bladder. It was devised in its present form by M. G. Dubois, an engineer of the Paris Ecole Central. It was only after some eighteen months' study that the present form was adopted. M. Dages originated the balloon idea, only in his case the bags were placed outside the ship; this was found to be unworkable in a heavy sea. M. Dubois's improvement has been approved by all who have seen it, and some of the highest authorities in England have expressed their satisfaction with it."

"But isn't the space it will occupy, especially in a cargo boat, a serious objection?"

"Not at all. Any properly loaded ship has a vacant space between the cargo and the deck, and this and any odd spaces on board are more than sufficient for our purposes. The character of the airbags is such that by the pressure of the gas they fit themselves automatically to the contour of the cargo. In the case of passenger ships there is, it is evident to all, plenty of room for our apparatus. It must be remembered, too, that it would only be in very bad cases that it would be necessary to fill all the airbags. It would only be necessary to inflate those in that part of the ship that had received damage. But in the worst possible case a ship kept afloat by the airbags—even if washed by the sea and unable to steer—would be perfectly safe until assistance came."

NO APPEAL.

ENGLAND'S CRIMINAL JUDGES HAVE THE FINAL WORD.

A PARDON FROM THE HOME SECRETARY THE ONLY RESORT AFTER A CONVICTION.

England enjoys the strange distinction of having been until now about the only civilized country in the world that has no criminal court of appeal. There is a court of final appeal for civil cases, in the House of Lords, over which the Lord Chancellor presides, composed of the members of the High Court of Judicature known as the Lord Justices, who are not peers, and likewise of those peers who have held office in the past as Chancellor of England, or as Lord Chancellor of Ireland, as Lord Justice General of Scotland or as merely a Lord Justice. These ex-law lords take their places on the side seats, arrayed in ordinary morning dress, while the Lord Justices of Appeal, arrayed in wig and gown, occupy the cross seats, the Lord Chancellor, likewise in his robes, directing the procedure from the Woolsack. But nothing of the kind exists for criminal cases, and there is at the present moment no means of quashing and reversing the decision of a criminal court, except by the grant of a pardon in the Queen's name to the prisoner. In instances where the innocence of the latter has been brought to light after the conviction, this is obviously a most unsatisfactory method of dealing with the affair, since the concession of the act of grace in the name of the Crown implies that a crime has really been commited which needs forgiveness and mercy.

Moreover, judges, no matter how eminent and how anxious to be impartial and just, are, after all, but mortal, and just as much subject to idiosyncracies as their fellow-creatures. These idiosyncracies are sometimes manifested in an exceedingly distressing manner upon the bench; and when they take the form of the imposition of sentences which, while permitted by law, are altogether out of proportion to the gravity of the offence, it stands to reason that some means should exist of repairing the wrong thus inflicted upon an unfortunate fellow-creature. Sir Robert Reid, who was the Attorney-General of the last Liberal Administration, did not hesitate to declare the other day in the House of Commons, during the course of a discussion on the subject that "ferocious and cruel punishments" were sometimes inflicted from the Bench, and cited the incident where a certain judge had been "guilty of the awful wickedness of increasing a prisoner's sentence by several years for impertinence to himself during the course of the trial." Moreover, the Quarter Sessions of the various counties—tribunals which are composed of county gentlemen and territorial magnates—are renowned for the terrible severity with which they punish petty offences against property and the game laws, while manifesting an extraordinary leniency where crimes of violence are concerned. As the matter stands now there is no means of revising these sentences, no method of appealing against them.

JUSTICE STEPHEN CHANGED HIS MIND.

Perhaps no more striking illustration of the urgent necessity of a Court of Appeal for criminal cases can be cited than a case related by Leslie Stephen in his recently published life of his brother, the late Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, who was one of the most eminent jurists and judges of his day, but who was undoubtedly suffering from an unbalanced mind during the last year or two that he sat on the bench as Judge of the High Court Judicature. It seems that he had sentenced a convict to a certain term of imprisonment. As the man was being led from the dock by the jailers, he called out: "Yer can't do it! I tell yer, yer can't do it." Sir James, who was at that time in perfect mental and physical health, was so much struck by the remark, that, very much to his credit, he had the prisoner brought back and asked him what he meant. The convict explained that the punishment for his offence was a shorter term than the Judge had awarded him. Sir James, on looking up the law, found that the prisoner was right, and amended on the spot the decree which he had issued, diminishing the term of penal servitude by no less than three years. But had he not done so, had he not consented of his own accord to modify the sentence before the Court rose, no power on earth could have saved the man from suffering the full term of the original sentence, unless, of course, the Home Secretary, in the name of the Queen, had granted the man a pardon.

Now, the Home Secretary, in the majority of cases, is not a lawyer by profession. Moreover, he is obviously susceptible to the political influences of the party which looks upon him as one of its leaders in Parliament. Yet it is upon him, as matters now stand, that the responsibility rests of repairing any judicial error, by the unusual means of a Queen's pardon. Indeed, he is in himself a species of court of criminal appeal, and inasmuch as he is possessed of no legal knowledge, and moreover exercises the right of granting the Crown's pardons, not through any constitutional prerogative, but merely by modern usage, the state of affairs is extremely unsatisfactory. It is only since the beginning of the present reign that the duty of deciding upon the merits of the cases worthy of royal pardon has been left in the hands of the Secretary of State for the Home Department.

POWER TAKEN FROM THE QUEEN.

Before Queen Victoria came to the throne this prerogative was exercised exclusively by the sovereign, who likewise signed all the death warrants of criminals, the Home Secretary merely acting in an advisory and secretarial capacity, seeing that the monarch's orders were carried into effect. But when Victoria succeeded to the crown as a girl, barely eighteen years old, it was felt that it would be unjust to ask so young and innocent a mind to assume the responsibility of sending to or holding from the gallows criminals convicted of capital offences. Accordingly it was resolved in council that the Secretary of State for the Home Department should take charge of the matter himself, and should sign the warrant in the Queen's name without consulting her or taking her wishes upon the subject. It was in this way that the Queen and the British monarchy lost forever that constitutional prerogative of mercy and pardon which has always been regarded as the most priceless jewel in the crowns of the Old World monarchs, and it is doubtful whether to-day, with the growth of democratic sentiment in England, the sovereign would be allowed to reassume possession thereof. For, with the popular theory that it is the people, rather than the monarch, who are really sovereign, it stands to reason that Parliament prefers to see the power of pardon vested in the hands of one of its members who holds his office as Home Secretary, subject to its votes, and who can, therefore, be held to strict account, rather than in those of the Queen, who cannot be asked to explain her motive, and who is answerable to no one but to her own conscience.

The Secretary of State for the Home Department is unofficially assisted in deciding upon the merits of petitions for pardon by a trained and energetic staff. But this board of advisors, which has no constitutional or legal existence—indeed, it is actually ignored by the vast majority of the public—is without any means of enforcing its recommendations upon the Home Secretary, who is at liberty to ignore them or to avail himself thereof as he sees fit.

With the object of remedying this state of affairs, a bill has been introduced in Parliament, not by the Government, but merely by a private member, a Mr. Pickersgill, providing for the institution of a court of criminal appeal for the revision, where necessary, of all save capital sentences. It had been hoped that the latter might have been included within the sphere of the operations of the projected court. But the only ground on which Parliament would consent to pass the measure in its first and second readings was that capital sentences should be excluded from the consideration or revision by the future Court of Criminal Appeal. The House took the ground that, although the trial by jury system is far from perfect, yet it is the best that has been discovered, and that it would impair the constitutional rights of a British citizen were a court of appeal, composed of a certain number of judges, to be intrusted with the power of annulling the verdict found by a jury composed of twelve peers of the prisoner. In one word, the English people, while disposed to admit that judges may err, and that their sentences may stand in need of revision, absolutely decline to tolerate anything that would tend to diminish the weight or the importance of the verdict of a jury, since that would be equivalent to striking a blow at one of the most highly prized and cherished of popular institutions and constitutional prerogatives.

SELLING ELEPHANTS IN LONDON.

SMALL PRICES OFFERED AT A RECENT AUCTION.

From The Field.

The offer at sale by auction of half a dozen elephants in London is an event of so unusual an occurrence as to call for notice. The animals offered were specially imported for the Indian exhibitions of 1895 and 1896, and were all of the Indian species, which is so essentially distinct from the African animal.

The first two lots were both females that had been well trained for the circus business by P. T. Barnum and Adam Forepaugh in America. They were imported into this country in 1895. Juno, the first offered for sale, is 8 feet 3½ inches high, and weighs 2 tons 17 hundredweight 1 quarter. She was bought in at 100 guineas. Modoc, her companion, is 7 feet 10 inches in height and weighs 3 tons 3 hundredweight. She was sold for 100 guineas.

The remainder were purchased in Burmah, where they were used for ordinary draught labor, and have been on the stage for spectacular purposes and for carrying visitors for two seasons. They may be described as very fine specimens of young Indian elephants. The two males named Archie and Edgar attracted much attention. They both have good tusks, which are ornamented with brasswork. Archie, whose height is 7 feet 11 inches, and whose weight is 2 tons 19 hundredweight 3 quarters, was bought in at 145 guineas. His companion, Edgar, height 8 feet 1 inch, and weight 2 tons 17 hundredweight 1 quarter, was sold for 150 guineas to George Sanger.

The two young females were both bought in at 145 guineas. Gipsy, 7 feet 7½ inches in height, weighed 2 tons 9 hundredweight 3 quarters, and Ruth, who is supposed to be in calf, exceeds her companion by 3 inches in height and by 9 hundredweight 1 quarter in weight. An extra lot was offered, consisting of the Indian humped cattle—a cow, bull and calf. These were bought in at 19 guineas.

It is somewhat difficult to account for the small prices offered for these elephants, and it is not surprising they were mostly bought in by the owners, the usual price of a good elephant being about £300. Jumbo was purchased by Barnum from the Zoological Society for £1,000, but he was exceptional in size, though dangerous in temper. Those remaining unsold are, as we are informed by the auctioneers, Messrs. Freeman, of Aldridge's Repository, about to be returned to Burmah. The cost of keeping elephants is too great for them to be adopted as pets. Each one will consume more than £4 worth of food weekly. In the tropics, where vegetation is so much more rank and rapid in its growth, the cost of maintaining a stud of elephants may be much less, but in England, unless they are attractive as show animals, the expense of their keep is prohibitory.

A PRESIDENT'S LOVE AFFAIR.

JOHNSON'S COURTSHIP OF MISS SARAH WORD.

SHE REJECTED THE FUTURE CHIEF MAGISTRATE FOR A SADDLER—THE ROMANTIC STORY OF A TAILOR'S GOOSE.

From The National Magazine.

Three-quarters of a century ago, in the little village of Laurens, in the State of South Carolina, there lived and labored at the tailor's trade a young man who was destined to play an important part in the affairs of this Nation. Of humble origin and having had practically no educational advantages, he had in his character the elements of true manhood, and by force of brain power and ability attained the highest position of honor and trust in the Republic.

Andrew Johnson left his home in North Carolina by reason of some trouble with his employer, and went to the then ultra-exclusive and aristocratic village of Laurens. He had no influential family connections, and was as poor as the traditional church mouse, his worldly possessions consisting

COAT MADE BY JOHNSON—THE FAMOUS GOOSE.

only of the clothes he wore. To one acquainted with the social conditions of the ante-bellum South, the difficulties incident to obtaining recognition by a man handicapped as Johnson was can be readily imagined. The sterling worth of the young tailor, however, made itself felt, and demanded the admiration and respect soon accorded him even by those who were wont to consider one not to the manner born deserving of but condescending notice.

Soon after reaching Laurens Johnson secured a position in a tailoring establishment, and this he held with perfect satisfaction to his employers until his return to his North Carolina home. He was a painstaking laborer, and took commendable pride in doing his work as perfectly as possible. A coat cut, fitted and made by Johnson is still in existence. It was made for Colonel Henry C. Young, a prominent lawyer and politician of upper Carolina, and is now treasured by his descendants as one of their most precious possessions. The fact that the coat is still in a good state of preservation may possibly be taken as an evidence of the excellence and durability of the work.

Johnson's stay at Laurens, brief as it was, marked a very important epoch in his life. It was there that he met his first love, Miss Sarah Word, a charming young woman of education and refinement, who saw in the modest and retiring young journeyman tailor a man of character and strength and promise. Johnson's regard for Miss Word was reciprocated, and the young people entered into an engagement to marry. They were thrown constantly in each other's society, and the future President of the United States once assisted his fiancée in laying, stuffing and quilting a quilt. This quilt is now owned by Mrs. J. F. Bolt, of Laurens, granddaughter of Miss Word, who subsequently married William Hance. On either end of the quilt are Miss Word's initials, "S. W.," which were made, stuffed and quilted by Johnson, unassisted. The enthusiastic young lover was very desirous of placing his own initials beside those of his sweetheart, but this Miss Word would not permit. This quilt was on exhibition at the Atlanta Exposition last fall, and attracted much attention.

The irresistible tendency that young men in love have to carve their sweetheart's names on everything movable and immovable in their immediate vicinity was not wanting in Johnson. On the back of an old split-bottomed chair he engraved the inscription "S. W.—1820." It is needless to say that it was the chair in which Miss Word was accustomed to sit on the porch of her home. This chair is now in the possession of Mrs. Bolt.

Having satisfactorily adjusted the trouble with his former employer in North Carolina, Johnson decided to return and resume his place. Before leaving Laurens, as a token of his affectionate regard, he gave to Miss Word his dearest possession, the goose with which he had worked at his trade. This act shows the tender simplicity of the young tailor. He had no false pride about the matter. He was leaving the woman he loved for an indefinite time, and not ashamed of his lowly calling, gave her something that would be a constant reminder of him and his work. After leaving Laurens differences arose between Miss Word and Johnson, and their engagement was terminated, but the tailor's goose was never returned, and is now owned by Mrs. Bolt, and valued above price on account of its romantic history. Miss Word rejected the tailor and married William Hance, a saddler. The tailor became President of the United States.

Johnson's biographers have all maintained that in early life he was uncouth, illiterate and ignorant, with no refinement nor grace of manner. It has been stated that he could neither read nor write, and that his wife taught him both after marriage. This error has become so firmly fixed that it is generally accepted as an historic fact, and schoolchildren are told the romantic story of how a man who afterward became President was taught to read and write by a wife who was ambitious for his advancement. This story may be a beautiful object-lesson on the grand possibilities of American youth, but it has the fatal defect of being untrue. When Johnson lived in Laurens he could both read and write, and was considered a young man of exceptional intelligence. Miss Word, to whom he was engaged, is authority for the statement that she received many notes and letters from him, and that he wrote a good business hand. She has also frequently said that he was a man of more than ordinary intelligence, of elegant address and a brilliant conversationalist. As Miss Word was, by virtue of her relations to him, closely associated with Johnson, the correctness of her statements can neither be doubted nor contravened. More than this, Colonel T. B. Crews, one of the oldest citizens of Laurens, and husband of Miss Word's daughter, says that over half a century ago, when he first went to Laurens, he had frequently heard from old residents that Johnson was a great reader—in fact, a veritable bookworm. He had often been seen seated on his tailor's board with a book by his side, reading and studying. From this evidence it would appear that the story of Johnson being in early life an uncouth ignoramus must be abandoned as absolutely false. The facts prove just the contrary, that he was a young man of rare intelligence and refinement.

HIGHLY ESTEEMED.

From The Washington Star.

"I used ter think," remarked Meandering Mike, "that I wasn't popular with dumb animals."

"Are ye?" inquired Plodding Pete.

"Tremendously. I met three dogs to-day, and every one of them thought I was nice enough to eat!"